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MY LOVELY JANE

A SUMMER IDYL

BY J. E. RAISBECK

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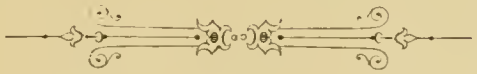
MY LOVELY JANE.

SHOULD the reader care to learn
Why at present I sojourn
On a mountain near the sky,
I will frankly tell him why.

"My Lovely Jane."

Mrs. Evergreen, my wife,
Long engaged with me in strife—
Strife that caused us pain and tears
For a dozen weary years.



Bitter, caustic words at first
Made our married life accursed;
Then in courage as we grew,
Books and other things we threw.

"Long engaged with me in strife."

Harder missiles next we tried—
Some of iron, some of hide.
Nothing seemed to cure our woes;
Finally we came to blows.

Then my doctor said to me:
"If consumption you would flee—
If grim Death you would beware—
You must seek a change of air.

"Books and other things we threw."

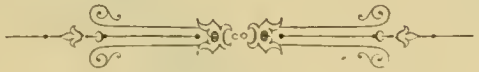
"Go, and leave your wife at home;
O'er the hills and valleys roam;
Sing and dance as shepherds do;
Flirt with shepherdesses, too."

"But, good Dr. Leech," I said,
Rubbing thoughtfully my head,
"*Dare* I go alone?" His eye
Twinkled, then he made reply:

"Finally we came to blows."

—:o—

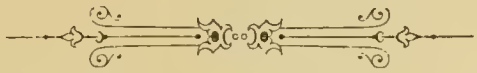
"What avails a change of air
If the poison greets you there,
That originally drew
All the life-blood out of you?"



Long I pondered on the speech
Uttered by good Dr. Leech.
Suddenly I said, "I'll go!"
And I went and told Jane so.

"Never! There, take *that*, you drone!"

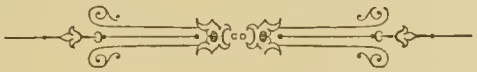
"Wretched, miserable flea!"
Shrieked the better half of me.
"Villain! Clown! What—go alone!
Never! There, take *that*, you drone!"



And I barely dodged a knife
Hurled by my indignant wife;
While about my head there came
Other things I will not name.

"Getting drunk on mountain air."

"Never shall you—yes, yes—go!
Leave me! What care I to know
Where your selfish bones may lie;
Where you live, or where you die!



"Villain!" once again she said,
While I meekly bowed my head
Sooner than engage in war—
"Villain doubly-dyed you are!"

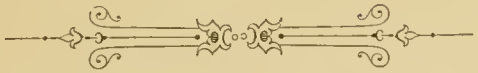
"Happy that no wife is nigh."

Words like these are apt to breed
Anything but love, indeed.
So I sought an early train,
Glad to be—unwed again.

Like a school-boy now I feel,
Full of joy I can't conceal;
Running, jumping everywhere;
Getting drunk on mountain air.

"Let me here in rapture stay."

Is it wonder, then, to you
That I'm doing what I do—
Kissing, flirting near the sky,
Happy that no wife is nigh?



O ye gods! if gifts ye give,
All I ask is: Let me live—
Let me here in rapture stay,
Ever dreaming life away.

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